

orange juice by aspartaeme

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - 1990s, Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Drug Dealing, First Time, M/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Recreational Drug Use, idk they get high and fuck and bitch at each other thats pretty much it

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-13

Updated: 2021-03-13

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:34:14

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 8,809

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

‘Robin, this is like. The biggest favor fathomable. Like. Bigger than that. Is it even legal? You’re practically pimping me out.’

‘No sane person would pay good money to fuck you, you drama queen.’

Steve’s hand is halfway to gasping, and clutching at his chest, before he defiantly decides to. Not prove Robin right. Again.

He scoffs, instead, ‘m serious, man, this like. Violates every rule of friendship.’ Soars a bit at the guilt washing over her face. Okay, more than a bit. Fuckin’. Basks in it, because.

He’ll do it, like. He knows he will. He’s about to willingly lock himself in a stranger’s apartment, a. A *drug dealer* kinda stranger, until Robin gets the

money to pay him for the pills the dude's graciously agreed on loaning her.

or; Billy's a drug dealer, Robin's desperate, and Steve's just here for a good time

orange juice

Author's Note:

hey y if the premise of this feels familiar, it's bc it's heavily inspired by timothy olyphant's story in go (1999). you absolutely don't need to know the movie to read this, bc. uh. it's mostly smut and that's Not where the movie goes, but the title will probably make sense if you do. enjoy ☐

‘No fucking way.’

Robin graces him with a *look*, one Steve rightfully considers. Uncalled for. Given the circumstances.

‘Ugh, Harrington. Come *on*,’ she groans, literally in the middle of the street. In LA’s *numero quattro* Most Dangerous Hood. They’re so gonna get killed, like. Before they even go up. Before they even get the pills. It’s hilarious.

Robin must find it hilarious, too, because she groans. Again, ‘It’s just one tiny little favor, okay? You know I wouldn’t ask if there was any other way, but I need this, okay? I can’t even make rent this month.’

Steve knows. Like. He knows. He gets it. Didn’t? A couple years ago. Trust fund baby, and all. Now he walks around in last season Ralph Lauren and drinks water, like. Straight from the tap. Like some animal, except *Mother’s* Pomeranian drinks from a bowl full of Evian, so.

Robin proudly recounts to literally anyone willing to listen the what is now widely referred to as ‘Steve’s Big Depression,’ which. Like, yeah, okay, looking back. Steve kinda gets how it was a *slight* overreaction on his part, refusing to leave his room for the week after he’d run out of new shirts to wear, but like. He felt stripped bare, okay? He had to suffer through the embarrassment of wearing an atrocious emerald polo for the *second* time.

But. He gets it now. Stuff was explained to him, via an impromptu

documentary fest Robin and her then crush. Violently forced on him, and *then* via his majestic introduction into the wonderful world of minimum wage. Talk about violent forces. Steve still shudders at the memory of that first month, opening the envelope to find just enough green paper to cover his half of the rent, and like. Maybe food. For. The first ten days.

So. Yeah, okay. Multiply-worn polos are not his number one priority anymore. They're like. His sixth.

Still.

'Robin, this is like. The biggest favor fathomable. Like. Bigger than that. Is it even legal? You're practically pimping me out.'

'No sane person would pay good money to fuck you, you drama queen.'

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He'll do it, like. He knows he will. He's about to willingly lock himself in a stranger's apartment, a. A *drug dealer* kinda stranger, until Robin gets the money to pay him for the pills the dude's graciously agreed on loaning her.

Admittedly, it's not even on the top five fucked up situations Steve's found himself in ever since moving out west. Somehow, that thought does nothing to soothe the free fall his stomach's currently on.

All in all, a fairly normal Sunday evening.

Robin's fingers settling on his arm snap him back to. The harsh reality.

'You know I'd never ask if there was another way,' she says, leaning guiltily in, butterfly clips sparkling under the streetlights. She looks cute as hell tonight, and Steve wants to tell her she's sure to score the

cute DJ she's been eyeing for weeks, but.

He's about to become collateral, and that's sort of a mood killer.

'I know,' he mutters, three seconds away from stomping his foot. He's allowed to. 'Just. Hurry up, okay?'

She rolls her eyes, all fond and shit, making him regret this monumentally stupid decision a little less. Just a little bit.

'I'll move as fast as I can, dingus. I'll just let it slip that I got ecstasy on me, and spoiled rich kids like your dumbass will be fighting to death to get some.' A weird twinkle shines in her eyes, then. 'sides,' she says, in a conspiratorial tone that means trouble, always means trouble, 'I think you guys might hit it off. He's so your type.'

Steve. Does gasp, then, drama queen reputation be damned. 'So. Three minutes ago, when I said you're practically whoring me out, and you denied it. That was a lie.'

'I'm just saying,' she drawls, hands held out defensively, 'he's hot. You're a slut. It's a match made in heaven.'

'You're just hoping on more free drugs.'

'Eh,' she shrugs, 'that, too.'

Like. Steve will never. Ever let her have that, but.

Robin was so right it's funny.

The dude that wrenches the door open with a growled, 'One fuckin' minute,' is. In Steve's relatively limited vocabulary. The hottest guy in the history of humanity. Like. He's one of those guys who would send Steve straight into an existential crisis, a couple years ago, and then not-so-straight into a whole other crisis altogether. Except. He's like. The quintessence of that.

It's unfair.

He also looks three doorbell rings away from snapping, which kicks

Steve's rampant thoughts back into his body, because. This guy. He's a drug dealer, okay? Snapping doesn't mean a broken plate, or something. Steve's like. 80% certain there's a gun in the apartment. The apartment he's agreed to stay kidnapped in. For. The foreseeable future.

The tie-dye wifebeater stretches obnoxiously over his shoulders during the absolutely unnecessary door wrenching, and the Hottest Guy on Earth stares at Robin. With, like. A snarl on his face. Teeth bared and glistening with spit, and all. Like.

Is this guy real?

His eyes slide over to Steve, fucking. Electric blue like he's got a spotlight on him at all times, and Steve decides he hates him. If Robin asks, it's because of the whole. Drug dealing thing.

'You brought me a gift, girlie?'

Like. It's unfair. His voice is fucking. Pure sex, too. Rumbly and buttery smooth and Steve wants to. Melt it in a pan and pour it over hotcakes.

Steve's getting some at least twice a month, like. There's no reason to be *this* worked up over a Bratva mobster, or. Something. Jesus.

He tunes back in just in time to catch Robin's, 'Just hear me out, okay? Steve will stay here while I go get what I owe you,' which.

What?

'Wait, what?' The frantic look Robin shoots his way is answer enough. 'I thought you already had an agr—'

'I don't give favors, girlie, thought I made that pretty clear.'

'No, but just—' Robin's floundering, and Steve. Would, he would feel sorry for her, if he wasn't currently busy trying to spot the illegal gun he's sure the guy carries to maybe, kinda. Blow her stupid butterfly clips off her head. 'Just listen, okay? There's this rave. Couple blocks from here. Packed with rich kids who wanna feel good. I'll sell the pills in no time and be back with your money. To get Steve back,

okay? I wouldn't just. Leave him here, trust me.'

Hot Dude's stupid blue eyes haven't left Steve's. Everything, roaming up and down and up again, all over his body, like he's trying to weigh him for a price.

'You okay with that, pretty boy? You trust your girl enough to let her leave you with me?'

Steve's not letting anyone do anything to him. He's fully capable of making his own dumb as fuck choices, thanks.

He looks at the ceiling for a help that never comes. Mutters, 'Fuckin'—' Pushes past the mob boss to stand next to a suspiciously mustard-looking couch.

'Just give her the pills, man. Robin's as good as her word.' He glares daggers at the butterfly girl over Hot Dude's really fucking wide shoulders. 'She'll be here.'

'Don't wanna spoil it for you, pretty boy, but my instincts tell me your girl's gonna be more than five minutes. Might consider spending them sitting the fuck down.'

Steve's been. Hovering. Near the door. Contemplating the merits of upping and leaving. Robin can talk her way out of anything. She can wiggle out of this. Probably.

Hot Dude's been sprawled on the couch ever since the door latched closed, and Steve's morose fate was sealed.

He's not even too young to die anymore. It's. Vexing.

He shouldn't be, like. That ruffled by the sheer carefree aura rolling off the guy in waves, considering. It's his apartment, and all, so. Steve supposes he has every right to look comfortable in it, with his head pillowed on his hands, and his very obnoxious, very distracting manspreading, like. Steve gets it. He's the alpha dog here. Woof.

'm just fine standing up, man, thanks,' he says, very pointedly avoiding staring at The Thighs. 'But don't let me slow you down, or

whatever. Don't you have any blow to cut, or something?'

Hot Dude's eyes go huge, and then really, really small, very fast. 'Blow?'

'Yeah, man, snow, coke, nose candy. Whatever you guys call it on the street.'

The guy snorts into his beer can, and then sits up, and The Thighs become unbearably distracting. 'What kinda operation do you think I'm running here, sweetheart? I'm just tryna show people a good time, not get 'em hooked on powders.'

'Oh, great, a dealer with a moral compass. Real original.'

Hot Dude's already smirking at him, when a gun goes off on his stupid tv. Steve jumps, a bit. The smirk spreads wider.

Steve clears his throat. 'So you only deal. What, pills and—'

'Acid. Weed,' the guy drawls, eyebrows raised like Steve's Achilles, and he just spotted a sockless heel.

'Right,' Steve mutters, and gulps around it, because. Yeah, okay, a bit of grass once in a while helps, okay? Soothes his nerves, and Steve's got a *lot* of that. Sue him, or whatever.

'That changes your stance on sitting down any?' The guy pats the space on the armchair across him, forgoing the couch.

To Steve's surprise. Disappointment? He tramples that thought down before the Robin voice in his head starts reciting the first signs of Stockholm Syndrome.

The place *is* a drug den, so. The weary look Steve shoots at the chair is 100% justified, by any standard. Then he flops down on it. He just got out of a six-hour shift at the store, alright? His feet are screaming. His head is hammering. He can barely get by for the rest of the month.

Like. He can sense it. It's that time of the month. Where he asks Robin to unplug the phone and keep him locked in his room until the

urge to call his mother and beg her to take him back has drifted away. It's worse for him, okay? Those who weren't born into money don't know what they're missing anyway. Steve had money, and not an iota of a brain, apparently, because he gave all that up to go wear an apron with a nametag, with. His name on, the one thing Steve's never had any doubts about, and then go get willingly kidnapped by the world's Hottest Drug Dealer.

Mother would probably post an obituary in the paper if she saw the double red streaks in his hair, anyway. Make it official her son's dead to her.

He becomes aware of the silence stretching on and on when he hears sirens screaming from the tv. Then from outside the window. Fuck LA, honestly.

Nameless Hot Dude has been watching Steve's endeavour to find a comfortable fucking position on the world's Least Comfortable Armchair. Intensely. With a tilt on his mouth.

He waits until Steve's settled, then produces a bag with three—four, five—tiny green spheres in it, out of. Thin air, apparently, because there's no way that fits in his pants. They're too busy accommodating The Thighs.

He shakes the bag in front of Steve, 'Wan'some?' Wiggles his eyebrows to drive the point home, and like.

Steve would *love* some right now, okay? He would very literally *kill* to fill his lungs with smoke and his brain with haze.

Except he's got approximately. Three functioning braincells, two of them borrowed from Rob, and all three are in agreement that getting high with his literal drug dealer abductor is. Arguably not the best idea. He can use all the wits he's got on him, and that's not saying much.

He shakes his head, 'I'm good,' and immediately regrets it when Hot Dude shrugs, pulls out his rolling papers. Lights up. Doesn't offer twice.

Godfuckingdammit.

The tangy smell climbs up Steve's nostrils, clouds the room just enough to settle on his fingertips, fuzzy and almost. Tangible. Goddammit. Steve doesn't want a high by osmosis.

Smoke's curling out of Hot Dude's lips like he's about to spread his wings to protect the gold he's hoarding. For all Steve knows, there's a million stashed away between the cushions and the guy's ass. It's not like Steve. Looked, or anything.

'Jesus,' the dragon drawls, not even sparing a glance at Steve, which. Kinda makes Steve wanna knock one of his stupid candles off the table. 'You could really use some of that. You gotta loosen up, man. Whaddya think I'm gonna do to ya, huh?'

To Steve's raised eyebrows, the guy. Chuckles. Tries to make it sound like a breath, or a cough, but, like. Steve knows.

'I should be the wound up between us, man. For all I know, your girl was looking for a way to get rid of you and got some A+ stuff out of it, too. Now I'm stuck with ya.'

Steve squashes the extremely small flame of suspicion lighting his insides on fire. Takes the road less traveled, or however the fuck that goes. 'Rob's not my girl. And you have, like. No right to blame me for being jumpy, alright? I'm being held against my will. This is a violation of my human rights, or something.'

'Who's holding you, man?' The guy's literally. Flipping through channels. As he's talking to Steve. Unacceptable. 'Door's unlocked. You're free to go anytime you want. Except, your girl doesn't deliver and leaves me hanging, I'mma have to track you both down and kill you.'

Steve rolls his eyes when the guy settles on The Sopranos. It's a rerun. He's seen this one. He wonders, distantly, if he can spoil it for this asshole.

'I'm shaking,' he counters, deadpan, which gets him a matchbox hitting his left knee. 'Ow, you fucking asshole.'

‘Might wanna consider being more respectful, sweetheart. I’m your joy provider, don’t forget that.’

‘Oh, please,’ Steve scoffs, ‘this is LA. I know three others dealing the shit you do, and that’s just on this block. You’re replaceable.’ Then, because his brain-to-mouth filter has always been defective, and this dude is. Not helping, like. At all, ‘I don’t even know your name, man.’

‘Fair enough,’ Hot Dude shrugs, shoots out a hand, warm and clammy and tight when it wraps around Steve’s. ‘William,’ he says, ‘Billy for friends. Still gonna break your girl’s arm if you guys fuck me up.’

Like. By all accounts, the smirk plastered on his lips should convey danger. Steve should be, like. Actually scared for his life. His survival instincts aren’t working too good, either. All he sees is blue.

‘Right,’ he says, letting the handshake drag for a moment too long. ‘William, then, got it. And Rob’s still not my girl.’

Hot Dude—*Billy*—starts, ‘How come? She seemed like a smart—’ and then. Somewhere in the apartment, a door opens, and Steve’s crouching in the space between the DIY wooden pallet coffee table and the gross armchair, because Billy’s reaching between the cushions for—

‘Hey, baby,’ a voice floats to them, groggy and sleep-rough. Stops Billy in his tracks. ‘God, how long was I out?’

Steve gets his legs working in time to catch the look of sheer horror on Billy’s face melting to confusion. Absolute, undeniable confusion. Like. If his heart slows anytime soon, Steve will find it funny. He’s sure about it.

‘Hey,’ Billy drawls, a question if Steve’s ever heard one.

It’s. Funny. His drug dealer captor has no recollection of last night’s one-night stand. His. Very male, very manly one-night stand. It’s funny. It’s. Unexpected. Gets Steve squirming a bit in his seat.

The guy’s in his briefs, barely, and limping in a way Steve has no intent on thinking too hard about. He looms over Billy from behind the couch. Leans down. Shoves his tongue down Billy’s throat, just

like that, hanging upside down over him. Like Steve's not there.

That gets Steve squirming even more.

He's almost certain the socially acceptable thing is to look away, except he's the one being abducted, here, and it's not his fault, okay? The guy wants to put on a show for him, Steve's powerless. He has to stay glued to his spot. For Robin's sake, and all.

Billy might not remember last night's mistake, but he doesn't push him away, either. They keep this up a moment longer, their tonsils won't need surgery to come out. Unacceptable. Steve was not raised to treat his hosts like that.

'Sorry to bail on you like that, babe,' the guy says an eternity later, when their tongues have finally parted. It's heartbreaking. 'But I gotta be at work in an hour.'

Billy clears his throat. Looks everywhere around Steve and never at him, eyes narrowed and a little glazed. 'Yeah, man,' he drawls, voice gravelly and hoarse and doing stuff to Steve's pants that'd probably cost him at least three of his slap bracelets if Robin found out. Far as Steve's concerned, she never will. 'You do whatcha gotta do.'

The guy pulls back, eventually. Starts breathing his own oxygen again. Walks back where he came from, presumably. To change into his *work* attire, that Steve desperately hopes involves at least a couple more items of clothing.

Billy clears his throat. Sniffles. Loudly. Avoids Steve's eyes with a viciously forced indifference. He looks. Vastly uncomfortable. Honestly, who needs pick-me-ups. Steve feels *ecstatic*, and pills have nothing to do with it.

'I'd be insulted, under normal circumstances,' he starts, smiling like the cat who got the. Pills. 'That you never introduced me to your. *Friend*, but I bet you didn't even know he was in there, didja? Names might be. Pushing it too far.'

'*Something's* pushing it too far, alright.'

'Yeah? Why don't you pull your gun on me? Seemed a bit too eager,

just now.’ That filter thing. Steve really has to work on that.

Billy’s face darkens, and it’s not that difficult, picturing a smoking handgun and blood blooming on someone else’s chest. ‘I thought he was. Someone else,’ he says, gruffly.

‘Instead of the guy you fucked last night?’

Billy’s tongue darts out, leaves his lips spit-slick and glistening under the stilted white tv light. The glint in his eye spells danger more than the threat of a handgun ever did.

‘How’re you so sure I was the one doing the pitching, pretty boy? I know it’s unfathomable, for a poor straight boy like—’

‘He was limping, dumbass. And Robin’s not my girl for a reason. Well. Two reasons.’

The guy’s eyebrows shoot up. ‘Oh, sweet thing, you did *not* just out your friend to me.’

Which. Admittedly. Fair point. Still not the biggest elephant in this room.

‘Please,’ Steve scoffs, ‘you ever seen Robs? She’s practically got orange-white-pink on her forehead. It’s not exactly a secret.’

‘Still not yours to tell.’

If Robin was here, she’d give him so much shit for throwing his hands in the air. As it is, Robin’s abandoned him with a dangerous criminal and gone partying, so.

‘Fine,’ Steve says, this side of a whine, ‘forget I ever said anything about it and focus on me.’

The five-second period the guy wastes on getting his lips shinier and grosser and. Somehow. Even more tempting, could’ve been spent much more responsibly, in Steve’s opinion, because Billy looks like he’s about to say something, something. Steve suspects would probably give him the final push into full-on sluttiness, right then and there, but.

A door opens, again, and the previously almost-naked last night's mistake walks out. Less than almost-naked, this time. Thankfully. Steve's ego can't afford to take any more hits.

Billy drags his eyes off Steve just in time to pull back, when the not-as-naked dude dives in again. The guys looks. Unfazed. Plasters on a smile white enough to put all Colgate models to shame.

'We'll talk, yeah?'

'Sure we will,' Billy lies around a smile sweet as syrup. 'Have a nice. Shift?'

The Colgate smile flashes even brighter, and Steve gets the alarming suspicion the clueless act isn't. An act.

Being oblivious is the key to happiness, isn't that what they say?

'Thanks, baby,' the happiest guy on Earth replies, ignoring Steve, and walks out.

Billy growls, 'Not a word,' to no one in particular, and stands up. Comes back with hands wrapped around two Buds.

Steve gracefully accepts the offer. Spiked drink be damned. Sobriety is not a viable option tonight.

'You hungry, your Eminence?' Billy settles back on the couch. Spreads his arms over the back of it. Spreads his legs. Like. A *come hither* sign on his crotch would look less inviting.

Steve's brain goes offline for the three seconds the alcohol needs to start flowing through his veins. 'Man, lay off it. Name's Steve.'

'Well, *Steve*,' the guy around a gulp, and, like. It's inevitable. Steve follows the trail of liquid gold escaping his lips all the way down Billy's chin, and his throat, and his chest. 'Seeing as my stock doesn't extend to oleander leaves, how the fuck was I supposed to know that.'

Steve's seen *Clueless* more times than he cares to relinquish any more of his dignity for, but. That doesn't mean he *is*, okay? He's bunking

up with Robin, for fuck's sake. Ancient Greek Lesbian Icons 101 is, like. Mandatory.

'You were Pythia, I'd ask you how much longer you get to keep me locked in here for and maybe get an actual answer.'

Billy laughs, in the most unfairly hot type of way, finishes it with his teeth closing around his bottom lip. 'How about I go order us a Hawaiian, and you can try to convince me you're not having the time of your life while we wait for it.'

Steve yells, 'No pineapple on my half,' and doesn't bother arguing with his. Abductor. This is the most fun he's had in months.

Honestly, fuck LA.

The girl who delivers their pizza, like. Immediately makes it into Steve's Hottest People list, and he's been saying this for everyone he's met ever since moving here. Two years ago.

She's on rollerskates. She's a friend of Billy's, because. Of course she is.

Also, 'She's taken,' Billy says, around a smirk, and half a slice already shoved down his throat.

Steve takes four seconds to answer, because, if everyone in LA's on his list, Billy's number one. No, no. Billy's not even on the list. Billy crushes the list between his thighs. Fucking asshole.

On the five-second mark, Steve says, 'Fuck off,' which. Admittedly, isn't the worst comeback he's ever come up with, 'How can everyone here be so hot, like. It defies nature, or something.'

Billy bats his hand away from the single least pineapple-y slice Steve's been drooling over.

'No, sweetheart, your half's right here,' he says, and doesn't wait for Steve to locate it. Just. Grabs his hand and settles it over the literal pineapple mountain covering the four-eighths of this abomination. 'Asked for extra pineapple on yours. Never know when it might come

in. Handy.'

The last part is spoken directly at Steve's crotch. His dick decides it's impolite to, like. Just lay there and look uninterested. It twitches in response, instead.

Steve clears his throat, and crosses his legs, and fucking. Eats some pineapple.

'You think Scully's hot, too?' Billy says, a propos of literally. Nothing.

'Dude. Who doesn't?'

'Thought you said something about not being straight.'

Steve huffs. If he had a nickel. 'I'm not. *Not* straight. But I'm also. Not straight. I don't know, man, if Scully's hot enough for aliens, she's definitely hot enough for me. Everyone's into Scully.'

'Well,' Billy hums, pops a slice of ham into his mouth, 'I'm into dick.' Staring, like. Right at Steve. 'Scully doesn't do a thing for me.'

And like. Okay, Steve could go for Duchovny if he was, like. Forced to, but no one watches The X-Files for Mulder, and Steve saw it, okay, he spotted the huge-ass I WANT TO BELIEVE poster in the room Billy's naked mistake stepped out from, so.

It's cute.

Billy's a conspiracy nerd. A low-ranking acid provider with a boner for aliens. A walking cliché, hot enough to turn people left and right.

It's vaguely disturbing, and. So fucking cute.

The tv switches to Fox, and it's. Practical, okay, moving over to the couch. Steve's not looking to earn more cricks in his neck, thank you very much.

Except Billy is in an imperialistic mood, and Steve's not lanky, okay, no matter what anyone says. He takes up space.

Their knees end up pressed together. Everytime Billy sucks in a

breath, because of course his nerdy, unfairly sculpted ass would get sucked into the show, his fingertips brush against Steve's right shoulder.

Like. It hasn't even been two weeks since Steve got laid. This is not Pride and fucking Prejudice.

He tries to convey that sentiment to his dick. Unsuccessfully. Apparently, it's in show-time mode.

Rob has a whole research paper on it, okay. The hornier Steve gets, the dumber his decisions become. It's scientifically proven.

So when Billy wolfs down one more slice, and procures a bong half-filled with water, and raises his brows, Steve.

Grabs it out of his hands. Lets Billy light the flower. Fills his lungs with heat, flowing, flowing all the way down to his fingertips, setting every nerve ending on fire.

Which is. A monumentally dumb decision. He gets any hornier, his dick's gonna grow legs and knock on Billy's lips until the door's open. Weed. Gets him worked up.

Monumentally stupid.

Except he can't really bother about this, at the moment. Not with a belly full of disgusting pizza, and the drone of the tv in the background, and Billy's body next to him, furnace-hot and every other type of hot, too.

He closes his eyes for *one* second, and.

Next thing he knows, his head's falling back against the couch, and his hand's creeping lower and lower to greet his dick.

Next thing he knows, he's grinding against the heel of his palm, and feeling better than he ever remembers feeling, and.

Billy's not paying attention to Scully anymore.

'Shit,' he drawls, sounding this side of unsteady, 'shoulda known

you'd be a lightweight.'

He doesn't. Move. Doesn't pounce, which. Steve kinda had his money on. Steve's practically offering himself up, all loose and relaxed, and so, so horny. And the local drug dealer. Doesn't pounce.

It sobers Steve up enough to, like. Stop rubbing himself to full hardness next to his literal captor. He doesn't take his hand away, though, not completely. He has his limits.

'Fuck, man, 'm sorry. Weed does that to me.'

Billy clears his throat, 'Bathroom's that way if you wanna—'

And he. Trails off to. Adjust himself in his pants. And lets out a moan, quiet and breathless.

Steve was. He was more than happy, okay, to accept defeat and make a very shameful, very horny run to the bathroom, he really was. A second ago.

Now it just. Seems like a waste. So.

Fuck it.

He slides his palm lower until the head's throbbing between his index and his middle finger, and squeezes, and puts on a show.

'Nah, I'm good. Was gonna do it thinking about you, anyway.'

There's a second of absolute silence, where Steve remembers the guy carries an actual gun, and then.

He's got a lapful of muscles in his arms, and Billy's version of the pineapple taste on his tongue. The high's making everything so intense, and when he moans, it bounces back between them, tingles his lips, sets his senses alight.

'Wait, man, wait,' Billy's pulling back, pushing Steve against the cushions when he just. Follows after him. 'You gotta tell me it's not the weed, baby, okay? You're not all there right now. You gotta let me know you want this.'

Steve laughs, feels it rumbling through his chest. 'I'd tell you to go look in a mirror, but,' he locks his arms around Billy's waist to press them together, breath punched out of him when their dicks bump against each other, 'forget it, just. Stay right here.'

'You couldn't stop bitching about being held here against your will a moment ago.'

'Sure,' Steve agrees, 'so make me wanna be here.'

He's being manhandled before he realizes what's happening, head falling back against the arm of the couch with a *thump*, legs sprawled over three cushions. Billy's covering all of him, feeding him pineapple-scented kisses, until he's not.

Steve sits up on his elbows to watch him diving lower, lower, until his breath is damp against Steve's crotch, not that. His shorts needed to get any wetter, and Billy waits for the nod before hooking his fingertips under the waistband. And tugs.

And fuckin'—bites.

Closes his teeth around the bone, right next to Steve's leaking dick. It's twitching against his hip to show it hates being ignored, and Billy keeps biting at the flesh until Steve's certain he'll take a chunk back up with him.

He's contemplating the merits of keeping up his tradition of bitching, and then.

Lips wrap around the head, and lap up all the pre running down the slit, and. Suck.

Steve's not really sure what the rules on hair pulling, or even touching, are, and the broken record in his head keeps reminding him of the gun, somewhere in this apartment. So he opts for the couch, instead.

He digs his nails in mustard-colored velvet, and doesn't—he doesn't scream, alright, when the guy starts moving, up and down and up again, sucking the life out of Steve. He *also* doesn't protest when Billy pulls off two minutes later.

'You're lucky you're so fuckin' pretty,' he sighs, and grabs both of Steve's hands. Sets them on the back of his head. 'Y'knowwh'tdo,' he mumbles around the crown twitching to sink back in his mouth, and gets back to work.

It's divine, okay, and it's so fucking unfair, because the dude's a fucking sculpture, and he's sucking dick like it's his calling, and. Letting Steve fuck his pretty mouth, essentially, and.

There's no going back from this. Steve knows it. He's fucked. He's got nothing left to lose.

So. He decides to make it official.

'Hey, tiger,' he says, dragging Billy up by his stupid curls. Feels the groan the guy lets around him in his bones. 'Don't make me waste it on this, man. Wan'you in me.'

Billy whines like a kicked dog, and climbs up until he's breathing into Steve's mouth. Keeps his hips rolling, keeps them both panting and throbbing, and not nearly close to satisfied.

'Christmas came early for me, huh. Look at you,' he mutters, breathless, in awe, 'best gift I've ever gotten. You gonna keep begging with my fingers in you?'

'Wanna walk out of here with a limp,' Steve strains, locks his ankles around Billy to grind up against him. Finds that perfect angle that he knows he could come from, if he keeps this up, like. He knows it. It's. So far from what he needs, right now. 'Wan'you to do to me what you did to that poor guy.'

'That was. A mistake,' Billy says, pressing down. Lips never detaching from Steve's.

'What's that saying, about repeating the same mistakes?'

Billy huffs out a laugh, teeth nipping at Steve's jaw. Steve's starting to see a pattern.

'First sign of madness?'

He arches his back to get his shorts all the way off, and pulls Billy down with him when he falls back against the couch. 'I'm good with that,' he says. Guides Billy's hand between his legs. Scully's gonna get abducted, *again*, if Billy makes him wait any longer.

'What,' teeth graze behind his ear, *bite*, like the asshole knows all the ways Steve's wired, 'you got somewhere to be?'

'That's not funny, asshole,' Steve whines, grinding up against the literal brick wall on top of him, 'this is, like, a very traumatizing hostage situation, alright?'

The guy pulls back with an arched brow, 'Oh, yeah?' Bends in half to lick a stripe up Steve's *very* interested, very neglected dick, 'I'm trying to fit that thing in my mouth. *That's* trauma for you.'

And then he. Swallows Steve down. Like. To the root. Buries his nose in Steve's pubes. Actually moans, like that, mouth stretched around Steve's dick, inhaling Steve's scent like he's landed posterboy for Estée fuckin' Lauder.

Fucking asshole.

Steve doesn't mean to tense against the finger tracing his hole, but. It's been a while, okay? So he does.

The fucker. Senses it.

'Don't worry, sweetheart,' he says, voice two octaves lower and fucked to hell, 'I won't do you dry. Hand me that cup, right there on the table, will ya?'

That cup on the table turns out to be—

'That's pesto, asshole, and it's not going anywhere near my. Uh. Asshole. Anytime soon, got it?'

The fucker gives a squeeze at Steve's balls, because. He can. 'Lube's in the bedroom, sweetheart. Now's not a good time for *fetch*.'

He deserves the faceful of dick Steve feeds him. Like. 100%.

‘And where do you keep the condoms, genius?’

‘God, you’re *such* a bitch,’ Billy groans, and pushes himself off the couch, but. Not before leaving a tiny kiss on the inside of Steve’s thigh.

He comes back with watermelon-scented lube, which is marginally better than, like. Basil, but. Still questionable. What the fuck is that dude’s deal, honestly.

Steve’s sucking on a pineapple slice. Like. It’s right there? Shame to let it go to waste. The fucker leans in, bites it right out of Steve’s mouth, like, ‘Already taste like heaven, sweet thing. Don’t gotta try so hard.’

What a fucking cliché.

The groan punched out of him when Steve pushes him back and settles on his lap is. So satisfying. It just kinda. Morphs into a moan when Steve unties the drawstring of his stupid FILA shorts. Melts into an almost-shout when Steve dips his fingers inside to take him in his hand, give a couple of tugs. Tight enough to be a promise. Slow enough to be a tease.

It’s totally called for, in Steve’s opinion.

He’s drawn closer with a warm hand on the back of his neck, and then Billy’s breathing, ‘Feel like fuckin’ heaven, too,’ like. Right into Steve’s mouth.

‘Man, shut the fuck up,’ Steve says, or. Moans, whatever, because his dick keeps getting caught in the planes of this asshole’s abs, which are totally, 100% a product of Steve’s high-addled brain, because. No one, no one has abs like that, firm and solid and, like. Sharp, and perfect for rubbing up against.

Steve’s dick isn’t getting the hallucination-in-dick-desert memo, so his hips keep moving and, like. Slicking up the guy’s stomach with how much Steve’s leaking.

Billy. Doesn’t seem to mind? Or he’s, like. Really good at hiding it. Lets out a soft laugh, when Steve whines, ‘You gonna let me do all

the work?’

Steve, like, doesn’t get to finish his thought, because two very wet, very slicked up, very watermelon-scented fingers circle his hole for, like. Two seconds, and then. They’re pressing in, and Steve howls, like. Very literally lets out a howl, and it doesn’t matter, because it gets eaten up by the sirens outside.

He’s trembling. Like. He gets that. His thighs and his voice and his—his fucking dick is twitching against 1999’s Men’s Health Best Sculpted Abs winner.

‘Fuck,’ he says, head thrown back to avoid the way Billy’s staring at him, eyes gone black, while, like. Scissoring two fingers inside Steve. It’s. Anticlimactic. ‘Fuck,’ he says, again, when Billy adds a third and curls all three this way and that until Steve’s falling against his chest in. Absolute fucking bliss. ‘What the fuck, this feels—God. Been a while.’

Billy feeds a chuckle into Steve’s mouth, ‘Can’t say the same.’

Steve mumbles, ‘Slut,’ and then. Rolls a banana-flavored condom, because this guy is a fucking joke, on Billy’s dick, lifts himself up. Sinks down on it.

Billy’s grip on his hips is bruise-inducing, and his breaths come out all staccato-like, but. The absolute smug asshole, he raises a brow at Steve.

Who’s. Not in the mood, alright? He gets it. It’s been an hour, and he’s spreading his legs for the guy with the gun. It’s poetic.

He doesn’t wanna hear it.

So he squeezes around Billy, locks his arms around his shoulders. Rolls his hips, one, two, three, four times to shut Billy the fuck up.

It’s efficient. It works like a charm.

For, like. Seven seconds.

Then Billy’s grip gets even tighter, somehow. Pulls Steve down,

pushes deeper inside. Slows them down.

‘Baby,’ he whines, ‘you keep this up, I’m gonna bust pretty fuckin’ soon.’

Steve hums, goes, ‘You’re not really. Allowed to, though?’ Bites at the pulse working overdrive under Billy’s jaw. Rolls his hips down at the same time, to hear the soul leaving this asshole’s body. ‘You got dick, like. Not even twenty-four hours ago. It’s my turn.’

Billy pulls back. Looks at him with a strange glint in his eyes. ‘That an order?’

Somewhere behind Steve, Mulder’s looking for Scully. They keep losing each other.

It feels. Cosmic.

‘Doesn’t need to be,’ Steve decides, and tugs that infernal bottom lip between his teeth. ‘Gonna be good for me anyway.’

It’s. Pure fucking bliss, actually. Like. Yeah, alright, Steve’s been dick-starved for too long, but.

Billy’s laying back, fingers flexing, going tight and loose and tight again with every roll of Steve’s hips, content to let. Steve do all the work, the fucker, and letting out all these low, breathless, rumble kinda moans that sound like heaven, or. Hell, the concept’s not super clear to Steve, and sending him rolling down a steep hill like it’s his first time taking dick, which.

Not even close, okay? But.

It’s—something about this, this moment, with this literal fuckin’ work of art between Steve’s legs, and bruises forming on his hips, and Scully shouting in the background, all of it wrapped in smoke, fuzzy and loose, like gliding through a Jell-O ocean, it’s.

Steve’s like. Halfway in love, okay? He’s dealing with it. The proverbial pin’s already in. It’s something to be dealt with later. When his mind’s clear and his freedom’s been reinstated. It’s all good.

'Baby,' Billy groans, hoarse and fucked out, traps Steve's palm over his ribcage so the sound tingles Steve's fingertips, 'tell me you're close, sweetheart. Let me, baby, okay, jus'—lemme get you there, baby, please.'

Steve feels the overwhelming need to, like, feel Billy's lips on him, right now. Decides not to fight it and incite the rage of gods, or. The aliens, or whatever.

He buries his fingers in the curls at the top of Billy's head, and pulls his head back because he can, because. Billy's letting him. Feeds a moan straight into the fucker's mouth when the shift in the position drives Billy deeper, and Steve thought it was perfect before, but. The way Billy's dick is rubbing against that spot inside him, it's.

It's driving Steve insane, actually, and Billy's tongue is doing something unholy inside his mouth, and Steve's not equipped to deal with this, okay, like. This is ruining all future abductions for him. There's no coming back from this.

He's not *ever* saying that out loud, though, not to this smug fucker.

He moans, instead, loud enough to instigate a hate crime, says, 'Stop wasting my time and get me off, asshole.'

Gets a chuckle and a soft kiss on the cheekbone for his trouble.

Gets Billy pushing up, deeper into him, once, twice, getting Steve closer, almost—almost there, and.

The front door buzzer goes off.

Cuts right through the haze, knife through melted butter.

Billy. Stops moving. Freezes underneath Steve. Which. Drags a whine out of Steve. His dick. Weeps, like. Literally. Twitches against Billy's stomach, actually fucking. Hurts, okay?

Billy's nails dig into Steve's thighs. 's probably your girl, baby,' he says, struggling through every word. He sounds. Ruined, god fuckin' help them.

Steve considers this for all of. Three seconds, and decides he doesn't give a fuck, actually. Robin *left* him here, okay? She deserves to be left waiting for, like. Three minutes. Their friendship is already under a lot of strain without throwing Steve's blue balls in the mix.

Robin can wait.

He hooks his arms around Billy's shoulders, and looks him straight in the eye, and grinds their hips together to send his message, loud and clear.

'I need to come,' he growls, enunciating every word, in case Billy's not fluent in Steve talk yet.

Billy's face breaks into a sunny grin. 'As you wish,' he says, like they're in *The Princess fuckin' Bride*, or something, adds, 'your Majesty,' in case Steve forgot he's dealing with *The World's Biggest Douche*, here.

There's no time to, like, dwell on any of that, because his back hits the couch a second later, legs hooked over Billy's shoulders, body bent in half.

Billy's ramming into him like the world's getting invaded tomorrow, hitting every perfect spot inside him, like.

Steve throws his head back and tries to. Moan, or something, except it comes out all trembly, and whiny, and understandably incoherent, but Billy must've been. Paying attention, because he chuckles, face buried in Steve's neck, and wraps his fingers around Steve's dick, whispering all sorts of sweet bullshit in Steve's ear like he *knows*, the fucker. Like he knows it's what gets Steve all loopy, like.

Like he knows it's what Steve needs to get there.

Billy says, 'You're the prettiest thing I've ever seen,' and, 'Lemme see you, sweetheart,' and, 'Let's see what you got for me,' and then rubs a thumb under the head, and places the tiniest, softest kiss on Steve's lips, so.

Yeah, okay, Steve never stood a chance.

He comes, with a shout muffled against Billy's tongue, shoots so hard they're both painted milky white by the time he comes down. Stops writhing under Billy's body, pinned down in all the right ways.

Billy lets out this devastating, shaky kinda breath against Steve's skin, and.

Pulls out. Dick twitching and bobbing inside the condom like it's about to go off on its own.

Steve stares at it in sympathy. Tries to convey the *been there, pal*. Grabs at Billy's hips to, like. Get it in his mouth. He wasn't raised like that, okay? Someone fucks the sense out of him, Steve's gonna return the favor.

Except. Billy cups his face, keeps it from moving. Closer, licks into his mouth. 'Got my fill, sweetheart, 's alright. I'll buzz your friend in. Shit's dangerous out there this late at night.'

And pulls back, looking at Steve like this. Meant something to him, or. Something.

Steve watches him tying his shorts back on, and like. Winces through it. Billy doesn't even bother pulling the condom off, like he knows the slightest touch will set him off, which.

It's unfair, alright? In Steve's honest opinion.

The dude gave Steve the best orgasm of his life, a literal out-of-body experience. He doesn't get to walk out of this with an aching dick, like. Honestly. It's. Unethical.

It takes the two minutes of Robin climbing up the stairs to settle on his next monumentally dumb decision.

It's a good thing Billy's shorts are baggy, because. When Steve plasters himself against his back, propped against the sliver-open door, and sneaks a hand around his front, and rubs him through the fabric, Billy lets out a whine like he's dying, like, any second now, and presses back against Steve.

'Baby—' he starts, and Robin's head appearing through the crack cuts

him off.

Steve's out of sight, thankfully, along with the lower half of Billy's body, so he nuzzles his nose under Billy's ear, and licks a stripe up his nape, and lets out a soft chuckle when Billy ruts against the palm on his dick.

Got his fill, Steve's ass.

He hears Robin say, 'Gonna let me in, or—' so Steve unglues himself from Billy, steps out in front of him to wring open the door to. His apartment.

When he turns back around, Billy's passing one hand over his face, and using the other to adjust his pants in the least surreptitious way conceivable. It's. Adorable.

'Time to go, dingus,' Robin announces, oblivious to Billy's Steve-induced torment. She lets a roll of dollars fall on the coffee table, tied together with one of her stupid fuzzy hair ties. It's the brightest shade of green Steve's ever seen, like. Blinding, almost. Steve feels a laugh, this side of hysterical, climbing up his throat.

Apparently, receiving zero response isn't what Robin was going for, so she stops, like, right in front of Billy and snaps her fingers in his face.

'Hello? Wanna count 'em so we can be outta here, or what?'

That gets Billy moving. He blinks at her, and throws a glance at Steve. His steps are careful and just a tiny bit rigid when he walks around Robin and bends to get the money. Steve doesn't find that hilarious, not even a little. He doesn't.

'There's like. A hundred more here,' he says after a minute. Frowning at Robin.

Who shrugs. 'Interest rate. For doing me a solid.'

Billy counts what looks to Steve like more than a hundred, and folds it, and hands it back to Robin. 'Hafta to give it to you, girly. You're good. Might've to recruit you. Get you working for me.'

'I'm resourceful,' Robin says, downplaying it and shit, but, like. She's beaming. 'I'll think about it.'

Billy glances at Steve. Says, 'You know where to find me.' Then shrugs, 'Olly olly oxen free.'

Robin nods, says, 'See ya, man,' and takes three steps before realizing Steve's. Not following. 'Uh. Dingus?'

Steve avoids Billy's eyes by. Rolling his, because Robin's gonna be so smug about this, like. Insufferable. 'I'm staying,' he mumbles.

Robin's eyes go wide, and then narrow into slits, and then bounce between Steve, and Billy, and back to Steve. 'Right,' she says, dragging the vowel like it's her own personal victory.

Whatever.

'Not a word,' Steve says, wagging a finger at her. Billy hasn't. Said anything. It's making Steve antsy, alright?

Robin lifts her palms in defense, and starts walking backwards. Because she's extra like that. 'You owe me,' she says, and then literally. Winks at Billy, pretending to ignore Steve's indignant gasp, and the way he's venomously squinting at her. 'Have fun.'

Steve waits until the door's firmly shut to face Billy, who's just. Standing next to the coffee table, where Steve left him, with a raised brow and something tense and cautious on his shoulders.

'What gives?'

Steve scrunches his face at him in lieu of an answer. He's like. Sixty-percent sure Billy's asking what the fuck Steve's still doing in his apartment, except he really, really doesn't want this to be the case, and voicing it seems kinda dumb, and more-than-kinda self-destructive, so.

'You owe her? What's that about?'

Steve lets out a sigh of relief. Licks his lips. Rubs the back of his neck.

Billy's brow climbs higher.

'Oh,' Steve says, 'she. Uh. Robin said—she thought we might. Get along. Might hit it off. Or something.'

Like, maybe Steve's projecting here, but. The tension in Billy's shoulders? Bleeds out. Gets traded for the smug smirk Steve went dumb over. Is. Still dumb over. Whatever.

'She's right, then,' Billy shrugs, 'you owe her.'

'Man, shut the fuck up.'

'What,' Billy drawls, eyes roaming up and down and up Steve's body, giving him the world's horniest once-over, undressing him like Steve's not ready to drop his pants at the promise of more, 'you're tryna tell me you didn't have a good time?'

Steve rolls his eyes. Then closes the distance, because one of them has to, and he's not sure they've got all night.

'You know I had a great time, asshole. Your neighbors know, too. You go asking three blocks down, I'm sure they heard me. Having a good time.' His fingers trail a path down Billy's torso, pads slipping under the waistband of his shorts. 'I'm trying to say it's your turn.'

Billy gives him this strange look, and says, 'Steve,' and doesn't go anywhere with that, and.

It hits Steve right then. It's Sunday night, in fucking LA. There's a party in every block, and this guy didn't even have the decency to remember last night's one-night stand.

What the fuck's Steve still doing here?

'You probably got plans, though, right? Or. Like. Other people to kidnap, or something. Jesus.' He lets his head fall back to maybe, possible, save face. Somewhat. He's swallowed down enough humiliation for one night. 'I should go.'

'Baby.' Billy's looking at him all soft-eyed when he pulls Steve back in with a hand curled around his jaw, and his dick's still hard against

Steve's thigh, and. It's all very confusing. 'Debt's all paid. You don't gotta stay here any longer.'

That hits Steve like a brick to the head.

He scowls at Billy. 'Dude. Have you met me? You think you'd ever get me doing something I don't wanna? I wouldn't be here if I didn't —'

Billy looks at the dollar bills on the table, and then back up at Steve, with, like. A massive question mark on his face. Fuckin' adorable.

'Billy,' Steve sighs, halfway in love and getting hornier by the minute, 'I'm trying to say my brain's still not fully back online after you fucked me stupid, and I haven't seen god during sex in a long time, or. I don't know. Maybe ever, and. I wanna make sure you remember my name for the next poor fucker you trap in here.'

'I *told* you, last night was a mistake.'

'Yeah, well. Here's hoping next time won't be.'

Billy tilts his head, and his smile grows softer around the edges. 'It wasn't,' he says, staring right at Steve. 'Y'know, I never got what the big deal about monogamy was. Why settle for one if you can have everything, right?' And he grins, the fucker, tongue trapped between his teeth, at the way Steve's already pushing him away, and presses them back together with a hand on Steve's back, fingertips creeping lower and lower, and.

'Think I'm starting to get it now,' he says, bites at Steve's Adam's apple, bites at his pulse, bites at his lips until Steve, like, whines and opens up and lets the fucker in, 's not settling if you got the best.'

And. Yeah, okay, it's so corny Steve's gonna make popcorn with it later, but it's also kinda cosmic, okay, just. This whole thing. And it's not the weed, because the high must've worn off by now, and Steve's still kinda loopy, still feels like melted butter and weak in the knees with every kiss Billy's feeding him, so.

It's probably Billy, Steve decides.

‘You’re such a fucking cliché,’ is what he settles on in between kisses, because he has to say it out loud *once*, like. Billy has to know.

The cliché continues sucking on Steve’s tongue. Pretty much unfazed by the whole thing. Seems more interested in grinding a very hard dick against Steve’s hipbone, which. Understandable.

‘Yeah, well,’ he says, ‘what can you do. I’m a cliché and *you*,’ bites at Steve’s lip, this side of too hard, ‘said something about showing me a good time.’

He snakes a hand between them, somehow, given there’s literally no space, at *all*, but he does it anyway, the fucker, and cups Steve’s dick in it. Which seems. Particularly interested in what’s going on, actually. And very happy with the attention it’s getting.

‘I want that thing in me in the next fifteen minutes.’

Steve says, ‘Yeah,’ and, ‘Yeah, okay, think I can manage that,’ and, ‘Oh my fuckin’ god, keep doing that,’ like. All in one very shaky breath, and then.

‘Wait, wait, what about the—’ he grabs at Billy’s wrist, frantically, points to Mulder going off about a goat, or something, behind them, ‘we’re gonna miss the whole episode.’

‘Babe,’ Billy says, sounding serious for the first time in the two hours Steve’s known him, ‘I’m taping it.’

Author's Note:

super irrelevant but [this](#) is the txf episode they're watching

i'm on [tumblr](#), usually shouting at the void and waiting for an answer. haven't gotten one, yet? so maybe come scream at me, instead